

in your room by deathvalleyusa

Series: SATC/BOA (reupload) [6]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Smut

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Original Female Character(s)

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Original Female Character(s)

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-05-05

Updated: 2021-05-05

Packaged: 2022-04-01 01:13:41

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,235

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy and Chrissy get sneaky.

in your room

It wasn't as if he hadn't been dreaming of this exact scenario for a while now.

Billy had seen her room once or twice before while he waited for her to gather her things. It hadn't been what he imagined, but it wasn't far off from Chrissy's personality. Brightly colored gadgets amidst pale pinks and whites, posters littering her walls. A girly girl's room, the past innocence fighting against present sex appeal. There had been a few nights he'd jerked off to the thought of pounding her into her queen size bed or against her little desk.

And so now, with the opportunity presenting itself, Billy took it with glee.

His hand skimmed her hip as she lay against him, her ass pressed against him, skirt bunching up ever so slightly. The cold front that had swept through the end of spring had them under a blanket on top of Chrissy's bed, her tv blaring. He'd stopped paying attention to what they were watching ages ago, too occupied by the body in front of him and the things he wished to do to her.

It'd all have to be quiet, secretive. Her door was slightly open at her parents' insistence, but the added threat of discovery just served to make him harder. Billy slipped his hand between her thighs, feeling her body tense in anticipation. A finger ran against the cotton of her underwear, feeling her wetness already starting to seep through the fabric.

He grinned into her shoulder. "Jesus. You're always ready for me to fuck you, huh?"

Chrissy bit back a whine as he pressed a finger against her clit, her ass pressing against him. She shifted under the blanket, sliding down her underwear as he unzipped his jeans. Billy let out a shaky breath, the plushness of her bottom pressing against his cock almost too heavenly a feeling. It didn't matter how many times he'd felt it; every new opportunity to feel her skin against his was akin to finding god.

Licking his lips, Billy slid between her legs, letting his hips press into her as he let her juices coat him from the outside. Her head buried into the crook of his arm, the hum of a choked back moan buzzing against his skin. Billy gave a small grin. Christ, she was cute when she tried to be quiet.

"Stop teasing," Chrissy muttered, her lips a full pout as she turned her head to meet his eyes. She was so good at that wounded look she gave that it almost annoyed him. It only goaded him into messing with her further.

"I'll stop teasing when you stop being so easy to rile up." He pushed against her body once more, letting his cock drag against her mound. Despite her best efforts, a hoarse squeak left her, barely covered by a Hostess commercial and the whir of her mother's sewing machine the next room over.

"Should I finish inside you?" he rasped, kissing the space where her jaw and her ear met. "Make you eat dinner with me and your parents while you're still dripping with my cum?"

Her hips rolled against his, gripping his hand tightly. Chrissy let out a whimper. "You're such a *pervert*, Billy."

"You're turned on by the idea, though," he said innocently.

She paused, burying her head in his arm before muttering, "Maybe. A little."

He could feel how hot her face was. Taking the lull in conversation, he finally slipped into her, letting out his own breathy noise into her shoulder. His free hand roamed under her shirt, squeezing gently at her breast, still clothed by a silky bra. She had great taste in undergarments, he would always give her that. It was a crying shame he spent less time enjoying them on her and more time tossing them to the floor.

Chrissy had taken the lead, sliding on and off his cock like her life depended on the orgasm she was seeking. A tiny smile bloomed on Billy's face; he loved this side of her, so willing to take what she wanted from him without a second thought. It made him want to

make her scream his name, make her come hard as she could.

He wondered briefly if it would be worth getting chased out of the house by Wes. She would probably be forbidden to see him if he pulled a stunt like that. Not that it would matter: Chrissy DiMartino did what and who she wanted.

He sunk a groan into her neck, bucking into her now with the thought of fucking her senseless behind her parents' backs mulling in his head. It was kind of romantic. *Definitely* a little dangerous. The kind of shit they both got their rocks off to. Not like he'd ever admit to the romantic stuff, though.

Fingers weaved in between the brown waves atop her head as he let it rest in the crook of his arm. Her own hand gripped his forearm, grabbing harder as he rutted into her. The plush flesh of her breast in his hand was now bouncing in time with their motion, thrusts hard enough now to bring about the creeping beginning of a climax. Thank god the bed wasn't squeaking yet.

In between halted breaths, Billy took Chrissy's hand, snaking it between her legs. He let his fingers press her own against her clit, biting back his own noises as she gasped at the added stimulation.

"Here," he instructed softly. "Touch yourself."

"Will you go harder if I do?" Chrissy asked, voice dizzy with lust.

That was enough to make his hips snap hard against hers. Chrissy let out a halted moan, muffled but the slap of his hand over her mouth. He shushed her gently, planting a kiss against her neck as he continued to thrust deep inside her. God, he wished he could see her playing with herself. The lovely sight was unfortunately obscured by her patterned throw blanket, but the mere thought of how she was coming undone from both of their touch was delicious.

"Quiet, pretty girl," he panted. "Don't want to get caught before I make you cum."

The bed was starting to squeak quietly beneath them, but now so near the finish line, Billy really didn't give a shit. He could tell she

was close by the way she writhed against him, her breath hot against his palm. His hand meandered back to hers, sweeping his finger against her clit as she worked her own fingers on either side. That was enough to elicit another muffled moan and her release. He couldn't keep it together after that, feeling her clench around his cock. A few more lazy thrusts into her and he gasped out his own stifled moan into Chrissy's shoulder, filling her as she came again, softer this time, from her own fingers.

Billy felt his body relax into hers, hand leaving her mouth to play idly with her hair. He let out a contented sigh, holding her tight. The warmth of her body wasn't something he wasn't quite willing to leave just yet.

"I like this better than the basement," she said, breaking the silence between them.

"Yeah," he grinned, taking a generous look at her. She looked as tranquil as he felt, as if the warmth of the sun was shining from inside her. "I think I like it better, too."